Coll: Bodley
No 6
189

England's Happiness.

A

PANEGYRICK,

ON THE

Present Parliament.

By *Samuel Phillips*, Gent.

---------- *Ubi quid datur oti*
Illudo chartis ----------

Hor. Sat. 4. Lib. 1.

LONDON:

Printed, and Sold by *John Nutt*, near *Stationers-Hall*. 1702.

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TO

The Honourable

John Ward, Esq;

SIR,

MY *being wholly a Stranger to your Person, will (I hope) be no Impediment against me, for my Dedicating this* Poem *to your Self; since your Son being Educated in the same School with me; together with his Acquaintance with me, (as being School-fellows) may in some measure excuse my Presumption: For how cou'd I have found a better* Patron *than the Father of him whom I so much respect? and whose Ancestors have so largely contributed towards the Maintaining and Supporting that School, in which I am Brought up. Gratitude thus far claims the greatest part of my poor Endeavours, to be paid to you; since not only my self, but many others also, do remain oblig'd to you for your Affection, in Promoting and Honouring that School, from whence so many Eminent and Incomparable Examples of Learning and Piety have Sprung. The High and Noble Character the World gives of you, first ravish'd me with an ardent Desire to seek your Patronage, and the Subject it self easily induc'd*

duc'd me to endeavour your Protection. Your innate Candour and Nobleneſs of Soul, beſpeaks ſomething more than ordinary in you; and to ſay you will anſwer that Character, which the World has conceiv'd of you, wou'd be detracting; and by endeavouring to celebrate your Actions, I ſhou'd be thought guilty of that Crime, which is ſo much in Vogue with our Modern Dedicators: But know, Sir, *that I am too young an Author to have learnt the Art of Flattery; and I hope this my Modeſty will be offenſive to none. Be pleas'd,* Sir, *to accept the firſt Fruits of my barren Muſe, and let not either the Meanneſs of Expreſſion, or Fancy, debar it from your Favour; and if this little Piece can contain in it any thing to entertain and divert you, I have gain'd my Ends, and ſhall be proud to tell the Criticks I deſie their malicious Endeavours, ſince I have the Protection of ſo Eminent a Perſon, and obtain'd leave to ſubſcribe my ſelf, Honoured Sir,*

Your Honour's moſt humble,

And moſt devoted Servant,

Samuel Phillips,

One of the Seniors *of* Merchant-Taylors *School.*

England's Happineſs:

A

PANEGYRICK,

ON THE

Preſent Parliament.

LET Fair *Anguſta* raiſe her drooping Head,
Since all black Clouds (diſtill'd to day) are fled:
No more ſhall Darkneſs hover o're this Iſle,
No more ſhall putrid Blood infect this Soil,
Since Heav'n at laſt does ſo ſerenely ſmile.

Let the Perfidious *Baſtard* Storm to hear
That come to paſs which he ſo long did fear,
An Honeſt Parliament, (no Popiſh Crew,)
Juſt to their Queen, and to their Country true;
Sent us from Heav'n, to be a Plague to you.
Poor Soul-leſs Thing! alike contemn'd and curſt,
By ſome Court-ſneaking Devil form'd at firſt;
Thy Country's Bane, the States-man's wooden Tool;
More Fool than Knave, and yet more Knave than Fool.
Know, *Tyrant*, all thy Threats are weak and vain,
Since we have a Free Parliament again,
Who will, while Life remains, defend our Cauſe,
Preſerve our Faith, and juſtify our Laws;
Who equally deſpiſe thy Gold and thee:
(For Wealth without our Liberties, would be
But painted Chains and gilded Slavery)
A Parliament that's throughly Great and Brave,
Too low for Rebel, and too high for Slave,
Who ſcorn to place their greateſt Happineſs
In numerous Heaps of rough unpolliſh'd Droſs:
To our Dread Princeſs they'll Obedience yield,
Purſue her Conqueſts in the doubtful Field;
To her alone they'll bow, to her alone they'll kneel.

Their

Their Loyal Breaſts are fill'd with anxious Cares,
How to preſerve her from Clandeſtine Wars;
For her, their ſecret Thoughts are ſtill employ'd,
The deep Receſſes of their Souls are joy'd,
If they fulfil her Will, or make the Tyrant's void.
Each Noble Soul (inſpir'd from above)
Has gi'en true Demonſtrations of his Love:
Nothing is wanting now for to compleat
Her Happineſs, in being throughly Great,
Since each true Subject ſo ſubmiſſive ſtands
With Tranſport, to fulfil her juſt Commands.
Hail Sov'reign Princeſs of the Spacious Ball,
Since all to you, as to their Empreſs fall;
To you, the only Prop that muſt ſupport us all.
May the Great Ruler of the Firmament
Crown all your Wiſhes to your Heart's Content:
May none the baneful Seeds of Diſcord ſow
Betwixt your Noble Parliament and you;
But may they ſtill go on as they begun,
The Nation's Hopes, the Queens Deſires to Crown;
Then ſhall the *Lyon* riſe, the *Flow'r-de-luce* go down.

All

All Civil Jars ſhall in Oblivion lye,
Wrapt in the Mantle of Obſcurity.

Go on, Brave Worthies, (you who'll ſooner die
Than part with your moſt precious Liberty)
Shew your ſelves Loyal Champions, and maintain
Auguſta's Grandeur and Immortal Name,
Rais'd by you to the Pinacle of Fame:
Let no rude Blaſts ſully the charming Fair,
But keep her brighteſt Glories in repair;
Preſerve her (Patrons) in her youthful Prime,
And bravely ſhield her from the Wrongs of Time,
Whoſe Sythe ſhall ineffectually purſue
Her riſing Virtues, which ſhall ſtill renew;
Sure ſhe can never fall when propt by you.
Then future Ages *(Worthy Sirs)* ſhall know
How much they do unto your Goodneſs owe;
To you, the ſole Protectors of our Cauſe;
To you, the juſt Maintainers of our Laws.
Now we are throughly happy, ſince we know,
And bleſs the Arm Divine that made us ſo:

I fear too happy! (Fullneſs breeds Contempt;)
The greateſt Bleſſings Heaven to us has ſent,
So good a Queen, ſo juſt a Parliament.
Sure Heaven has made us its peculiar Care,
Since we the choiceſt of its Bleſſings ſhare.
What could we wiſh for more, than what to us
Already bounteous Heaven has disburs'd?
Shake off Luxuriant Peace, with ſpeed prepare
Fit Habil'ments for War, Eternal War:
Let Valiant Heroes (whom no Power can harm,
Or ſtop the rapid Torrent of their Arm)
Be ſtill ſucceſsful, and their Foes contemn,
And Vict'ry, as a Slave, their fatal Sword attend.
France ſhall no more act like a Tyrant here,
Nor *Spain*'s Bravadoes ſhall we longer fear:
No more ſhall ſudden Fear poſſeſs this Nation
At *Spaniards* Threats, or at a *French* Invaſion:
Let ſweet St. *Peter*'s Vicar too Rail on,
To ſee how we deſpiſe his Tripple Crown,
And ſet all Hands to pull the Scarlet Villain down.

If one bigotted in the *Romiſh* Way
Shou'd once again the *Engliſh* Scepter ſway,

Our Rights, our Liberties wou'd be no more!
Split on the Rock of Arbitrary Power,
We'd lye, but ne'er cou'd ſteer our ſhatter'd Bark to Shore.
How cou'd each Noble Soul be griev'd to ſee
His Neighbour ſuffer for his Loyalty?
To ſee the Venerable Clergy lye
(Scorning to loſe their former Liberty)
Welt'ring in purple Gore, whilſt fawning Prieſts ſtand by.
Each Loyal Heart muſt bear the *Romiſh* Yoke,
Or quietly ſubmit to th' fatal Stroke.
Dire Perſecution thro' the Land wou'd reign,
And bathe her ſelf in th' Blood of Princes ſlain;
Thouſands of Victims too wou'd daily fall
To her inſatiate Rage, which triumphs over all:
To her all muſt ſubmit, and then bow down,
And own no greater Power than her own:
Nought of the whole Creation wou'd withſtand
The fierce Aſſaults of her Victorious Hand;
But all muſt be her Vaſſals, all to her
Bow down their Heads, as to their Conqueror.
Thus the World's *Atlas* for a while ſhe'd reign,
And valiantly her Victories maintain;

Till ſome undaunted Souls, in their Defence,
Wou'd take up Arms againſt their *Popiſh* Prince,
With Words no longer, but with Arms they'd jar,
And *Albion*'s Glories periſh in a Civil War.

From theſe, ye Powers above, defend our Iſle,
Preſerve bright *Albion* from a Tyrant's Spoil:
Long may her Royal Miſtreſs fill the Throne,
Rever'd by all abroad, ador'd by all at home.
Each Petty Monarch, with a numerous Fleet,
Croſſes the pathleſs Mazes of the Deep,
Proſtrate to lay himſelf at her Sacred Feet.
The bleſt *Arabian* ſends his Choice Perfumes,
And loads her Shrine with Aromatick Gums:
The *Indian* too, from a remoter Shore,
Sends *Oriental* Pearls and *Indian* Oar.
The beauteous *Nereids* do, with Tranſport, bring
The richeſt Preſents, as an Offering,
To fruitful *Albion*'s Joy, to fair *Auguſta*'s Queen.
Let ſounding *Attabels* her Worth proclaim
From Pole to Pole, ſpread Royal *Anna*s Name:
Let each bleſt Nymph, with her harmonious Lays,
Through Heaven and Earth ſing her Immortal Praiſe:

FINIS.

Let

Let nothing that is ill her Life annoy;
Long may ſhe live (may nought her Time deſtroy)
In never ceaſing Bliſs, in never ending Joy.
And ſince our Great Creator has ordain'd,
That Dread *Naſſau* on Earth no more ſhou'd reign,
But plac'd him in a brighter Hemiſphere,
From whence his Royal Vertues may appear
To all his ſtubborn Foes, perſpicuous and clear.
Let none repine, but be ſubmiſſive ſtill
To Heaven's Commands, to Great *Jehovah*'s Will;
Sing Hallelujah to the King of Heaven,
Since he to us ſo plenteouſly has given
All that our Hearts cou'd wiſh, a Glorious Queen,
Of Royal Blood, ſprung from a Race Divine.
Long may ſhe proſper here, long may ſhe Reign,
To curb th' encroaching Power of *France* and *Spain*;
Late let it be e're bounteous Heav'n remove
Our Charming Princeſs from her Peoples Love,
From being ador'd below, to be admir'd above.

FINIS.